













Miss Dovecote declared that she had often saved herself to and fro after her son's death, and cursed Rachel Pennant who had refused to marry her boy.

"Hearken to me, lass," said the old woman as she sat there, propped up by a couple of bundles of the neighboring fern, "hearken to me. You might have passed me by with hatred and scorn, and called to you and said, 'I'd pay you back with blessings, if I could, the more curses I've heaped up on your head, and I'd pay for all you've said to me and done for me. But money won't pay for that. But I'll tell you something. They say when folks are drawing near their death, they sometimes see what other folks do not. And ever since last night, when I had a spasm here (and the old woman laid her hand across her heart), a spasm that told me I'm going, for I'll never live through another of these—I've seen the man you lost, and the man you still love. Yes! I'd be glad not to have seen him, but he's dead, and I could see him back to back, dripping like a drowned man, nor like a white ghost; but like the living man who had to do with this world, and the breathing people in it. And 'twas better the one who left Whitingbay in the 'Rachel Groves.' He was dressed, not like a seafaring man, but like a gentleman, I saw his purse, and it had plenty of bank-notes in it; and—"

"And—was there any one with him?" asked Rachel Pennant quickly, with her lips parted in wonder and anxiety—"was there any one with him, Martha?"

"No, you say, I know," said she, "you mean," answered the old woman, "as by himself, but he had come for some one he had left behind him, and had brought all his gold for her. Why should I keep back what I heard?" said the old woman, "he said he had come for you and walked off in the direction of your house."

"You're weak," said Rachel, when she heard this, "and they say that people when they're weak see all sorts of things—no one has been near us."

"Yes, I am weak, Rachel Pennant; but—"

"No one knows what more the old woman would have said, for she suddenly clapped her to her heart, sprang from the ignition, and in deep content for whither she was to be, won many to calm trust like her own; and if Tom Pennant was dead, he had not died for nothing: out of his death, and Rachel's great loss, many had had surprising gain.

But notably above all others, crooked and wicked old Martha Sherlock, the mother of the dead captain of the "Dirty Duck." Many a time she had cursed Rachel Pennant, for not marrying her, many a time she had laid his death at her door, as though she had anything to do with it, and as though the captain of the smuggling craft had not brought his death upon himself. Even in death she declared that she would never let her boy alone, and cursed old Groves for having been the one to find her son out; as though if he had not done so, some one else would not.

Old Martha Sherlock could not help seeing Rachel almost every day, and, in spite of her hatred to her, she was struck with the mixture of resignation and suffering which the young woman's countenance showed. It was so different from Martha's own feeling and look too. And who had lost the most; she whose son had been on the highway to the gallows, or the one whose young husband had been hanged on a gallows?

Old Martha had many a blow in life, but this last one was in her mind the worst of all. And it killed her, inasmuch she gradually grew weaker and weaker. Continual fretting over the old woman away; now fretting, now raging, but ever more mused.

At last Martha Sherlock could hide no longer from herself that she was sinking and that her time here could not be long. And with these thoughts came others of that world to which she was going. There were times when she and Martha declared she would not die, and no one could make her die, and then she grew weak and there was hardly any dealing with her. It was a terrible time for her. Why should others live and she die as if, even if there were no other reasons, her sands of life had not nearly run out.

And there were times when she grew calmer, and the reality of the coming change and its certainty took possession of her, and she trembled at the idea of dying, and marked the calm peace on Rachel Pennant's face as she went to and fro, past Martha's home every day, to sit awhile on that rock whence she had seen the last of her husband's boat.

And when these better times came on her, she would give all she had, if she could only have Rachel's peace.

At length, when in some of these happier moods, sitting sad and feeble at her door, she saw Rachel passing one day. It required a strong effort to do it; but all her life long Martha Sherlock had been equal to any effort, or any violence either; so she crept up her courage, and asked Rachel to stop a minute.

And Rachel Pennant did as she was asked; and she stopped, and finally sat down on a great stone by old Martha's side. There they talked for a long hour, and the more the laggard old woman looked into Rachel's face, the more she longed to have a share of the calm that was reigning there.

Nor was she the only one who longed. Rachel Pennant's heart, softened by sorrow more than it had ever been; felt for the old woman's forlorn state, for the unrest, for the coming of the end, and nothing withheld to meet it.

The ice was broken, the old woman allowed Rachel to sit a little bit every day; she even allowed Miss Dovecote to visit her from time to time. There were times when the old woman, and her old woman seemed to have out of her almost volcanic force, but she turned back again, for Rachel did not desert her, but on these occasions always believed that there might yet be hope in the old woman's death. Rachel had deep peace herself, and she longed to communicate it to any or every one, and who needed it more than the sad old creature who seemed to lean on her for comfort and hope?

It had not been in herself that Rachel Pennant had found comfort or hope. There was but one in whom we can find these things. One to whom we are all suffering for. It was to Him, that Miss Dovecote led Rachel, and it was to Him that Rachel in turn led old Martha Sherlock.

And, in truth, one of the intentions of Christ's being made known to us is that we should make Him known in turn. Our own cistern being filled we must overflow to others. He who receives the truth should pass it on. The gospel of grace is intended to be a spreading gospel.

And now it spread from Rachel to Martha Sherlock, and the old volcanic fires were damped at the feet of the towers of the future; began to melt, and the dawning of another life began to break.

It was wonderful to see how the fierce look became softened in her eyes, and how the voice of complaint was lowered, and how there began to spread over her lined and swarthy face a calm which no one would have believed could have ever settled there.

At last the time came for old Martha to die, and death found her sitting on that stone outside her door, on which she

might have well known was not suitable for her digestive powers. But this time, as aforesaid, was of a more amiable cast than many of its kind, which delight in plugging the friends who kindly take them in, with dreams of ghosts, and blood, and murder, and thunder, and lightning, and ogres, and giants, and all that ilk.

And now, at breakfast, did Miss Dovecote to her dream, prefacing it with the words, "I've dreamed sometimes really do come true. And what she had dreamed was this. Tom Pennant had grown so high that he was able to pick the fruit off the apple tree without a ladder; and that he had grown so strong that he could carry it all away on his back without a cart; and Tom had thus come their way, not the man-eating giant which properly belongs to the dreams which come from mischievous pies, but a benevolent, smiling giant; and when he came to the door, he subsided into his own proper size again, so that he could come in without stooping. And when he had thus come in, he emptied his pockets, and dropped a bag of gold, and whether she was laughing or crying she could not tell.

But laughing was what would have best become the little woman under present circumstances had she only known them, for this great giant with the apples, this man dressed as a gentleman with a bag of gold, was coming home. Tom Pennant was to sleep in Whitingbay that very night. Yes! the lost Tom, the mourned for Tom, was to eat mince pies in Miss Dovecote's cottage that very day; one of the mince pies which had given that little woman so strange a dream.

The Christmas service had ended at the old parish church, and every one had left except the clergyman and the clerk, who were looking over some matters in the vestry connected with the parish register. In a few minutes more they would have gone, when a tall, bearded man knocked at the vestry door, and came in. He was a stranger, and wanted to see the clergyman alone. So the clerk, nothing left, took himself off, for in his heart of hearts he knew that there was a roast goose at home, which at that particular time must be done, and ready for himself and six small children to operate upon.

There was of no use for the clergyman to look at the stranger, and scan his countenance; it was plain he was no parishioner of his, and that being the case how could he know who he was?

But the stranger man saved him any more trouble in inquiring about his business, for he proceeded at once to state it himself.

"I was once in these parts, sir," said the stranger, "and there lived here an old constable named Groves and his daughter; and are they alive?"

"The old man is dead," said the clergyman. "You can see his death entered here if you like."

"What a delightful sight!" said the man, "somewhat lighter," "his life living?"

"Mrs. Pennant, you mean—poor Tom Pennant's wife, yes, she's alive; her husband went to sea and never came back again, and never will; but she has remained true to him whether dead or alive—to himself if he is alive, and to his memory if he is dead; and that's more than many a man would do nowadays."

"And there was a man living here when I came this way, his name was Sherlock, or something like that, is he living too?"

"Ah, Hugh Sherlock; he's gone, sir," said the clergyman slowly and solemnly, "gone—did he die?" The unhappy man was not far from the point at which he was from this, and he laid his ship, a ship with an ugly character, an ugly name, this was called the "Dirty Duck." The stern part of that boat was also washed ashore, so we know what became of her, and alas! of all in her too."

"And you say the man Pennant and his boat were never heard of?"

"Never. They must have gone down in the same storm; I believe the poor wife sometimes hopes, indeed I know too well, she does; but what hope can there be? Sometimes you hear people say 'tis all well with that blows nobody good, but I put it in the light and say, 'God brings good out of evil.' And our poor Tom Pennant's sorrow had come—yes, good to herself and good to others also. There is many a one in the village now patient, because they have watched and learned of her patience. There is many a one that trusts and hopes, because they have seen her trust and hope. Sorrow, my friend, does not come upon us for ourselves alone, and we are not the only people to be benefited by it."

"And you say that Mrs. Pennant still trusts and hopes—hopes, I suppose, that her husband is alive?"

"Yes! it is almost hoping against hope; still she hopes, and she would lift up her joy if her husband were to appear."

"I've been where he is," said the stranger, after a pause, and that is what brought me here to-day. I've seen him in foreign parts and know his story, and I've come to tell it to his people here."

"Is he living?" said the clergyman.

"If he is not living now, better not to have come?"

"He was living when I left," said the stranger man, "and I believe he's living now; but he's altered a good deal. But don't think you'd know him, sir; or, perhaps, he'd know you. He is a bearded man now, and where he left home was smooth and shaven."

The clergyman had, why I know not, been getting somewhat restless the last few minutes. He had read of men turning up in strange ways after far longer intervals than the period of Tom Pennant's absence; and now that mention of a beard seemed to make him more restless. The man before him was a bearded man; two or three times his beard had seemed almost familiar to him. He was about to put a question to the stranger, when the latter said to him:

"Should you know Tom Pennant if you saw him?"

"Ay, all the world over," said the clergyman.

"Should you know him with a beard?" asked the stranger man with a smile.

"You're not Tom Pennant," gasped the good man, clutching the vestry table.

"Speak—say if you're Tom?"

"I am," said the stranger.

"I am the old Tom Pennant that sailed out of Whitingbay in the 'Rachel Groves' in company with Hugh Sherlock in the 'Rachel Groves'! What a sight it might be; but what's become of that man?" asked Tom Pennant breaking in upon what he was saying.

"He died a bad death," said the minister. "He sailed out of Whitingbay drunk, to my certain knowledge; and his body was washed ashore; and some time after, pieces of the 'Dirty Duck' were washed ashore too."

Tom Pennant was silent for a while. "An ill ending," said he, "to an ill beginning." Hugh Sherlock began life by stealing out barefooted, and anything else he could do with his own hands; then he took to smuggling—but there's no use in saying ill of those that are gone. Worse luck, I was saying, as it might have been; but as you, sir, have often preached, good may come out of evil; and so far as I am concerned it has turned out by a good way for the best in the long run. But now that I know that Rachel is alive—and I hope Miss Dovecote is alive too—how shall I get to see my wife, without perhaps being her death with joy?

I've heard, sir, that people have died of joy as well as sorrow; and if I come too sudden upon her it may cause her death."

"True, Tom," said the clergyman, "Come and eat your bit of Christmas dinner with me, and that will give me time to prepare the way for you. Perhaps you can go and see them at supper-time; or sooner still, at tea."

"I've learned one thing since I've left this," said Tom Pennant; "and that is, always to bide my time, and to run no risks. I've had enough of that work to last me my life-time."

It is not against Tom Pennant to say, that he ate a good Christmas dinner with the clergyman. He had walked a good deal from where he had left the coach; for he knew if a carriage of any kind entered Whitingbay, all the world there must know it. And there, at dinner, Tom told part of his adventures.

The good minister, sat but a short time after his dinner, that Christmas day; he was up and away to Miss Dovecote almost as soon as it was dark.

It was a wonderful geography of signs, and winks, and blinks, the contrary of good, that worthy little woman out with him into the open air. And it was well for her that it was into the open air, for had she been in anything of a heated room, she must have immediately gone off.

To her he communicated the fact that Tom Pennant was alive and safe and sound in the Parsonage that very moment, in the flesh; and with her he consulted as to breaking the news to his wife. They laid all sorts of plans, but as is often the case something quite unexpected happens to alter our complicated arrangements.

The conversation was to be led towards the subject of the lost man by Miss Dovecote, and then the clergyman was to come in, and they were to go on gradually saying more and more mysterious things, and getting hotter and hotter, and nearer the mark until at last they were to break the news that Tom Pennant was alive, and that they knew where he was to be heard of, and that he was not a great distance away, and that in fact he could be seen in a few hours; but anything beyond that he could not prepare for.

Yes it all succeeded admirably up to a certain point. Rachel Pennant listened and joined in the conversation; and good little Miss Dovecote and the clergyman looked at her to the highest point of interest. But when she said, "Well, what was from heaven or not," said Tom, "was from any rate from the sky. Numbered as my cheek was with the spray and cold, I felt a fluttering against it."

"It was an angel's wing," cried Miss Dovecote, clapping her hands. "Oh, Tom Pennant, somebody must have been praying for you, and an angel was sent to deliver you. You were like Daniel in the lion's den; and like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—only you were to be delivered from the waves instead of from the lions, and from water instead of fire."

"It was an angel to me at any rate," said Tom Pennant, "and it had wings too, Miss Dovecote, feathers and all complete. Bless the little dear."

"Hush, Tom, hush," interrupted little Miss Dovecote, "don't call the angels little dears."

"Excuse me, Miss, but I've brought him home in a cage."

"Oh, Tom, Tom, I'm afraid the joy of seeing Rachel has overset your brain; lie down awhile Tom, and I'll put a wet cloth round your head till you get yourself again."

Miss Dovecote here made a move to leave the next room, to get a towel, but Tom Pennant effectually stopped her, by saying, "It is never worth while to do this. The little creature had been blown out of the sea by the storm, as birds sometimes are, and fell on board our little craft. How land birds ever get to a ship out on the wide ocean, is more than I can tell you; but every sailor knows they do. A few feet one way or the other, and this little creature must have been drowned, but I see, those few feet made all the difference to the bird and to me too. 'Tisn't for me to settle why it didn't go to this side or that side, or how or when; or why it didn't fall in the water or stern; it fell where it did fall, and I was out of the difference to me, as I have just now said. I'm not a learned man, Miss Dovecote; perhaps if I had been I might have been too learned to get the good from this little bird I did. Simple folks sometimes come off best in the world—folks who can look with a straight eye to heaven, and this was what I now did."

"Said I to myself, if we have escaped death in the midst of this storm, and found a place of refuge amid these waves the one that took care of you can also take care of me; and perhaps you were taken care of. And now, anyhow, I'll take heart—while there's life, there's hope—the same One that made the bird made Tom Pennant and Tom Pennant's crew. 'Tis true, man has shown me no mercy, but there's more than man for poor tempest-driven men to look to. Here, my men," I cried, "here's a token that we're not forsaken; cheer up, hearties, we'll see Whitingbay yet."

"That little bird told me the truth. The little chirp it made when we gave it a bit of food seemed to me as good as a voice out of the clouds; I never heard any other voice in my life, than that bird; and what it said was, 'Tom Pennant put your trust in God; you'll yet see Whitingbay again.'"

"Well, all that night, and all the next day, and all the next night, we lay upon the water, leaving the waves to do with us what they wished—what else could we do, for a boat that will carry no canvas cannot steer."

"We did not know where help was to come from, all we knew was from that little bird, and that it would surely come. And I set me all a praying, and looking up instead of down, and none of us had ever prayed before, and none of us had ever seen a sail. It was a large ship, and she made straight for us; as straight as if we were the port for which she was bound. She was an Australian liner, and was bound for Port Phillip. As soon as she neared us she put out her life-boat; and in half an hour we were on board. We were able to save our clothes, and the little bird, and we had to leave the 'Rachel Groves' to her fate."

"Many thanks the wisest look I took at our old boat as she went down. Her propeller was the last of her. I saw her break up, and some part of her stern floated in Whitingbay; but there was no use in looking back, nor indeed much in looking forward either; we could only 'live by the day,' as the saying is, and let the future tell itself."

"I have not much more to tell. When I got to Melbourne the gold fields had broken out; and every one who could buy a pick or a shovel had gone to try his luck."

"I went too. I thought I wouldn't come back empty-handed, if a stroke of work could make up for the loss of the 'Rachel Groves,' and if it could bring back something for the one who was once Rachel Groves, but has another name now."

"There I found my luck. I went out of Whitingbay without twenty pounds over and above the worth of my boat, and I've come back with a thousand. I'm only grieved to think, Rachel, that the two letters I sent you never came to hand; but everything was uncertain at the diggings, and every person too."

she was a helpless wreck. There was, however, one hope. There was a boat not far off; her crew must have seen the disaster. It was true that the "Dirty Duck" had a bad name, and her skipper owed Tom Pennant no goodwill, but surely Hugh Sherlock was not without some of the common feelings of a man; and even if he wished Tom to the bottom, he would not desert his little crew.

On came the "Dirty Duck," as though wind and weather were nothing to her. Though she's not as bad as people say," thought Tom Pennant, "it's a trial time that shows what a man is." And as the "Dirty Duck" drew near, Tom Pennant and his men made ready for leaving the "Rachel Groves." But Tom little knew his man. Hugh Sherlock himself had taken the helm, no doubt, that the "Dirty Duck" should act worthily of her bad name. Hugh Sherlock never in his life had had such an opportunity of showing what he really was as this; and he availed himself of it.

In a few moments the ill-favored craft came to the disabled boat, closer and closer, and as the men on the one boat to the other. "Now, boys, be ready," cried Tom Pennant to his little crew, as almost blinded with spray they saw the bowsprit of Hugh Sherlock's boat rush alongside; but no chance of life was to come to them from that vile craft. She was past them in a moment, and then was put about and her head turned for Whitingbay. There was just time as she fled for Hugh Sherlock to shout a terrible curse on poor Tom, and for the latter to hear it and to say farewell to his old boat.

"Ah!" said Tom Pennant, as he told the story, "we were fit to tear the hair out of our heads. We were more like madmen than anything else for a while. I think our senses must have gone from us. Then we quieted down. I think despair settled on us."

"But that, too, passed away. I roused myself at last; for though we had a little spirits on board, I'm glad to say that none of us took to drinking—that would have completed our ruin."

"The way I came to rouse myself was this: I was sitting with my head buried in my hands, expecting from one hour to the other to go down. I believe that nothing but a messenger from heaven would have roused me. Well, what came from heaven or not, I don't know, but I was from any rate from the sky. Numbered as my cheek was with the spray and cold, I felt a fluttering against it."

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"Said I to myself, if we have escaped death in the midst of this storm, and found a place of refuge amid these waves the one that took care of you can also take care of me; and perhaps you were taken care of. And now, anyhow, I'll take heart—while there's life, there's hope—the same One that made the bird made Tom Pennant and Tom Pennant's crew. 'Tis true, man has shown me no mercy, but there's more than man for poor tempest-driven men to look to. Here, my men," I cried, "here's a token that we're not forsaken; cheer up, hearties, we'll see Whitingbay yet."

"That little bird told me the truth. The little chirp it made when we gave it a bit of food seemed to me as good as a voice out of the clouds; I never heard any other voice in my life, than that bird; and what it said was, 'Tom Pennant put your trust in God; you'll yet see Whitingbay again.'"

"Well, all that night, and all the next day, and all the next night, we lay upon the water, leaving the waves to do with us what they wished—what else could we do, for a boat that will carry no canvas cannot steer."

"We did not know where help was to come from, all we knew was from that little bird, and that it would surely come. And I set me all a praying, and looking up instead of down, and none of us had ever prayed before, and none of us had ever seen a sail. It was a large ship, and she made straight for us; as straight as if we were the port for which she was bound. She was an Australian liner, and was bound for Port Phillip. As soon as she neared us she put out her life-boat; and in half an hour we were on board. We were able to save our clothes, and the little bird, and we had to leave the 'Rachel Groves' to her fate."

"Many thanks the wisest look I took at our old boat as she went down. Her propeller was the last of her. I saw her break up, and some part of her stern floated in Whitingbay; but there was no use in looking back, nor indeed much in looking forward either; we could only 'live by the day,' as the saying is, and let the future tell itself."

"I have not much more to tell. When I got to Melbourne the gold fields had broken out; and every one who could buy a pick or a shovel had gone to try his luck."

"I went too. I thought I wouldn't come back empty-handed, if a stroke of work could make up for the loss of the 'Rachel Groves,' and if it could bring back something for the one who was once Rachel Groves, but has another name now."

"There I found my luck. I went out of Whitingbay without twenty pounds over and above the worth of my boat, and I've come back with a thousand. I'm only grieved to think, Rachel, that the two letters I sent you never came to hand; but everything was uncertain at the diggings, and every person too."

she was a helpless wreck. There was, however, one hope. There was a boat not far off; her crew must have seen the disaster. It was true that the "Dirty Duck" had a bad name, and her skipper owed Tom Pennant no goodwill, but surely Hugh Sherlock was not without some of the common feelings of a man; and even if he wished Tom to the bottom, he would not desert his little crew.

On came the "Dirty Duck," as though wind and weather were nothing to her. Though she's not as bad as people say," thought Tom Pennant, "it's a trial time that shows what a man is." And as the "Dirty Duck" drew near, Tom Pennant and his men made ready for leaving the "Rachel Groves." But Tom little knew his man. Hugh Sherlock himself had taken the helm, no doubt, that the "Dirty Duck" should act worthily of her bad name. Hugh Sherlock never in his life had had such an opportunity of showing what he really was as this; and he availed himself of it.

In a few moments the ill-favored craft came to the disabled boat, closer and closer, and as the men on the one boat to the other. "Now, boys, be ready," cried Tom Pennant to his little crew, as almost blinded with spray they saw the bowsprit of Hugh Sherlock's boat rush alongside; but no chance of life was to come to them from that vile craft. She was past them in a moment, and then was put about and her head turned for Whitingbay. There was just time as she fled for Hugh Sherlock to shout a terrible curse on poor Tom, and for the latter to hear it and to say farewell to his old boat.

"Ah!" said Tom Pennant, as he told the story, "we were fit to tear the hair out of our heads. We were more like madmen than anything else for a while. I think our senses must have gone from us. Then we quieted down. I think despair settled on us."

"But that, too, passed away. I roused myself at last; for though we had a little spirits on board, I'm glad to say that none of us took to drinking—that would have completed our ruin."

"The way I came to rouse myself was this: I was sitting with my head buried in my hands, expecting from one hour to the other to go down. I believe that nothing but a messenger from heaven would have roused me. Well, what came from heaven or not, I don't know, but I was from any rate from the sky. Numbered as my cheek was with the spray and cold, I felt a fluttering against it."

"It was an angel's wing," cried Miss Dovecote, clapping her hands. "Oh, Tom Pennant, somebody must have been praying for you, and an angel was sent to deliver you. You were like Daniel in the lion's den; and like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—only you were to be delivered from the waves instead of from the lions, and from water instead of fire."

"It was an angel to me at any rate," said Tom Pennant, "and it had wings too, Miss Dovecote, feathers and all complete. Bless the little dear."

"Hush, Tom, hush," interrupted little Miss Dovecote, "don't call the angels little dears."

"Excuse me, Miss, but I've brought him home in a cage."

"Oh, Tom, Tom, I'm afraid the joy of seeing Rachel has overset your brain; lie down awhile Tom, and I'll put a wet cloth round your head till you get yourself again."

Miss Dovecote here made a move to leave the next room, to get a towel, but Tom Pennant effectually stopped her, by saying, "It is never worth while to do this. The little creature had been blown out of the sea by the storm, as birds sometimes are, and fell on board our little craft. How land birds ever get to a ship out on the wide ocean, is more than I can tell you; but every sailor knows they do. A few feet one way or the other, and this little creature must have been drowned, but I see, those few feet made all the difference to the bird and to me too. 'Tisn't for me to settle why it didn't go to this side or that side, or how or when; or why it didn't fall in the water or stern; it fell where it did fall, and I was out of the difference to me, as I have just now said. I'm not a learned man, Miss Dovecote; perhaps if I had been I might have been too learned to get the good from this little bird I did. Simple folks sometimes come off best in the world—folks who can look with a straight eye to heaven, and this was what I now did."

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"And now tell me about yourself," said Tom. "I'll be glad, miss, if I'm too free, but you'd like to hear how you have been getting on as well as she."

The two women looked at each other for a moment, then burst out laughing, to the immense astonishment of honest Tom Pennant, who expected them to be dumb-founded at the mention of the one thousand pounds; such a sum as Rachel could never have expected to be the owner of, even in her wildest dreams.

"We have been to the diggings too," said Miss Dovecote, "Rachel and I; and we lifted two thousand pounds in one lump—only, our money was not ready coined, with the queen's head on one side of it, and her arms on the other."

Tom Pennant passed his hands through his hair, and paused awhile—then he stuck his two thumbs into his waistcoat pocket, and paused a further while—then he took a long stare by turns, first at Miss Dovecote and then at his wife, and finally he ended by finishing what was in his teacup in an abstracted sort of way.

This done, Tom Pennant slowly rose and asked Miss Dovecote and his wife what party was out of his mind; he or they? for as to one or other of them, such must be the case.

Neither, Tom, neither," said his wife. "We'll tell you where the money is now, and where it came from, and what we are going to do with it."

Then Miss Dovecote and Rachel Pennant told Tom the whole story of Martha Sherlock's will; and how the gold was found; and how it was sent to a bank in the neighboring town, for which they could show a receipt; and how finally Rachel Groves, whose it was, was going to the Queen's College, and how Tom Pennant, who was to have the waisted coat pocket to let his wife drop the receipt into it—and only to open his arms, and fold her as close up to the waistcoat as was possible, and so come in for two fortunes all at once, and then and there that Christmas night, become in heart and purse the richest of all fishermen who had ever sailed out of Whitingbay.

**PREDICTING STORMS.**

Professor R. Stone Wiggins, LL.D., the Canadian astronomer, who recently warned the President that "pre-eminently the greatest storm that has visited this continent" since the days of Washington will sweep over the United States on certain days next March, appears to be responsible for some remarkable statements in an Ottawa newspaper. The *Free Press* of that city soberly declares that "the leading scientists of Europe have endorsed this prediction," and adds: "There can be no doubt that if the Toronto Meteorological Bureau acted upon its warning in September of the Asia, with a hundred souls on board, would not have been lost. The United States Signal Office, however, so the *American Register* tells us, had implicit faith in his prediction, owing to his standing as an astronomer in that country, having ranked second in the race for the Warner prize last year, for which 125 of the leading astronomers competed. Accordingly three days before the time named by Wiggins they hoisted the storm signals, and the journal tells us that his prediction in that respect was correct, and that the United States eight millions of dollars."

This is a pretty story to tell to Mr. Wiggins' doubting countrymen, but it has no value on this side of the border. The Signal Service Office does not in any way sanction the prediction for March, and we think it is entirely safe to say that, instead of having had "implicit faith" in any forecast from Canada last September, the recent letter to the President was the first warning the bureau had that Dr. Wiggins was abroad. The storm signals hoisted along the coast between 10th, N. E. September 13th, and 12th, 1880, were not hoisted, and the warnings of the approach of a cyclone from the tropics, and had no connection with the storm from the Pacific coast in which the Asia was lost. The cyclone was of such great energy that signals were also raised on the lakes for northerly winds; but these were lowered September 11th, and no more were again displayed until the morning of the 14th, the day the Asia was lost in the Georgian Bay. In other words, the lake signals were lowered before the Asia storm reached the Pacific coast, and were not ordered up again until that storm developed a great violence over Lake Superior and Huron, which was after 11 P. M. of September 13th. The warnings for the cyclone—made without knowledge of any prediction by Dr. Wiggins—saved at least \$13,000,000 in property, enough to cover the expenses of the Signal Service for ten years.—*New York Tribune*.

**CHAPTER III.**

Month followed month, and Rachel Pennant settled down into these thoughts. Gradually a calm smile stole back to the lips, and a tinge of color spread over the cheeks, and the peace came into the heart, which belongs to those who leave what is, and what ought not to be, to the Lord. When this was really done, a great load was removed from Rachel Pennant's heart. And so she lived on, her sorrow respected by all her neighbors; and many a one in the village taught by her quiet resignation. Indeed Rachel became a silent preacher in Whitingbay, and the good minister said she did as much by her example as he did by his sermons.

Yes! the gay and light-hearted Rachel, with her uncompromising way, with resignation, and deep content for whither she was to be, won many to calm trust like her own; and if Tom Pennant was dead, he had not died for nothing: out of his death, and Rachel's great loss, many had had surprising gain.

But notably above all others, crooked and wicked old Martha Sherlock, the mother of the dead captain of the "Dirty Duck." Many a time she had cursed Rachel Pennant, for not marrying her, many a time she had laid his death at her door, as though she had anything to do with it, and as though the captain of the smuggling craft had not brought his death upon himself. Even in death she declared that she would never let her boy alone, and cursed old Groves for having been the one to find her son out; as though if he had not done so, some one else would not.

Old Martha Sherlock could not help seeing Rachel almost every day, and, in spite of her hatred to her, she was struck with the mixture of resignation and suffering which the young woman's countenance showed. It was so different from Martha's own feeling and look too. And who had lost the most; she whose







